

# The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1873.

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## THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD

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HORACE DODD, P. M.

## N. B. & M. H. C. R. R.

BLOOMFIELD TIME TABLE, FEB. 1, 1873.

LEAVE BLOOMFIELD. LEAVE NEWARK, N. J.

At Broad Sts.

6:30 A. M. 2:30 P. M. 7:54 A. M. 3:54 P. M.

7:00 3:00 8:24 4:24

7:30 3:30 8:54 4:54

8:00 4:00 9:24 5:24

8:30 4:30 9:54 5:54

9:00 5:00 10:24 6:24

9:30 5:30 10:54 6:54

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10:30 6:30 11:54 7:54

11:00 7:00 12:24 8:24

11:30 7:30 12:54 8:54

12:00 8:00 1:24 9:24

12:30 P. M. 8:30 1:54 9:54

1:00 9:00 2:24 10:24

1:30 9:30 2:54 10:54

2:00 10:00 3:24 11:24

Arrive Newark at 10:30 P. M.

## MONTCLAIR RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Trains for New York leave. Trains leave

A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M.

Washington, 7:00 8:00 3:00 New York, 8:10 4:30 5:30

Montclair, 7:05 8:10 3:05 Jersey City, 8:25 4:45 5:40

Chest. Hill, 7:07 8:12 3:07 West End, 8:40 4:50 5:55

Montclair, 7:10 8:15 3:10 Kearney, 10:00 5:15 6:10

Montclair, 7:13 8:18 3:13 Newark, 10:04 5:19 6:13

Kearney, 10:07 5:22 6:16

West End, 7:25 8:45 4:45 Chest. Hill, 10:16 5:26 6:25

Jersey City, 7:48 9:00 4:00 Montclair, 10:20 5:30 6:30

New York, 7:49 9:10 4:10 Washington, 10:24 5:34

Upon application at the Company's office, No. 25 Nassau street, New York, packages of ten tickets, not used, to and from New York can be purchased at the following rates: Kearney, Laurel Hill and Newark, \$1.50; Montgomery, \$2.25; Bloomfield, \$2.50; Chestnut Hill, \$2.75; Montclair, \$3.00; Washington, \$3.25; Cliffside, \$3.50; Clove, \$3.75.

## Doctrin.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD.]

### A LEGEND.

The story I'll tell you, by your leave, is of a lady whose name was Eve. Our great-grandfather—greatest grand-mother. When she from Eden was sent away, She lived with Adam in a rural way. In some retired part of the world or other.

There, in his garden, worked all day Adam. Mr. Adam, I should say. (For to our ancestors we should be respectful, Planted his corn and potatoes, Beans, too, and turnips, I suppose. Nor of landscape gardening was he forgetful.

Mrs. Eve was industrious also, Cared for the children, made good bread, I know. (But I beg of you not to forget, That Eve was of the first family, And had irreproachable pedigree, Though she kept no servants, as yet.)

Mrs. Eve did well for a while, as I said, To enter her kitchen she was not afraid, Was worthy and excellent house-keeper. But, one day, having washed up her dishes, To indulge her long concealed wishes, She went out to buy a new carpet-sweeper.

And, who in the wide-world should she meet, While bounding along with nimble feet, But her old acquaintance, the serpent! At first she started to run away, But he bowed in such a courteous way, Was so fascinating and gallant,

That she staid to chat, for a little while. And so, with a winning smile, "You are changed since I saw you last, Your once lily-white hands are rough as can be, How hard you have worked I plainly can see, 'Twas up to me in the beautiful past."

"How wretched your life of labor and toil! These beautiful fingers should never have known soil, You really should give yourself rest. Should play on the harp as the bright angels do, Try your voice on some of those lovely songs, too, I'm sure you would equal the best."

Mrs. Eve walked home with footsteps slow, And then sat down in her parlor to sew. With a look on her face of discontent, Thinking over the matter she made up her mind, Her employments in future should be more refined, Then washing windows and scrubbing paint.

At all events, would be as good a way, Instead of clearing up each blessed day, Just to do it thoroughly twice a year. And then, to the people, come! A, The very first house-cleaning rest. (For ladies a penalty severe.)

Which turns your temper and your nurseries up-side down, Draws the masculine face into many a frown, And clears out all of your favorite treasures, Of ribbons and bottles and worn-out shoes, Boxes and pieces of various hues, Bureau drawers, button-bags and tape-measures.

Madame Eve, being lazy, brought in the new style, Of cleaning, pell-mell fashion, once in a while, When her work had grown up to her eyes. "Twice a year," she declared, "is enough to do scrubbing. Without wearing ones' knuckles each day with a rubbing. So declare her descendants likewise.

Thus with everything evil we've known since the fall, The trail of the serpent is over it all. "L. M. N. O. P."

## FACTS AND FANCIES.

Fool-killer—a suicide.

Texts for sinners—pretexes.

The blue birds are twittering as far north as Maryland.

Robins are singing in Jersey. Ditto canaries—in cages.

A Boston man interrupts cat concerts on the roof by buttering the shingles.

Hogs root up lead by the quantity in Christian County, Mo. Figs are then made of it.

We are told that Miss Kellogg is going to Havana. But who is going to have Clara Louise?

A stone-cutter in Detroit keeps ready made grave-stones with the name—Smith cut thereon.

Gail Hamilton says that she can corrugate the countenance of the newspaper man that first said she had the small-pox.

Georgia issues invitations for "your company on Friday evening to a candy yank. No persons carrying shot-guns admitted."

There is said to be a corner lot in Chicago which has not been mortgaged, and a policeman is necessary to keep the admiring crowd off the fence.

Josh Billings says he never knew of a dog of any breed whatsoever to take hydrogery after he had been thoroughly vaccinated with buckshot.

A Chicago, Ill., alderman heard of the "transit of Venus," and said he didn't believe it equalled the "Black Crook," although he "hadn't seen the small bills."

A political orator, speaking of a certain general whom he admired, said he was always on the field of battle, where the bullets were the thickest. "Where was that?" "In the ammunition wagon."

At a party, while a lady was playing the piano with peculiar brilliancy of touch, a bystander peculiarly observed, "I'd give the world for those fingers." "Perhaps you might get the whole hand by asking," said the young lady's observant and maneuvering mamma.

A sweet little boy, only eight years old—bless his little heart—walked into the scene of a teachers' examination at Oswego, last week, and bawled out "Annie, your feller is down to the house."

The Boston Pilot says that "Froude went home with a flea in his ear as big as an elephant." The editor of the Pilot must live in a boarding-house where the study of entomology is more of a battle than a pleasure.

A newspaper of Iowa city gives rather a discouraging account of what the farmers in those "diggings" are doing, or rather not doing. Here are the prices current: A pair of winter boots cost two loads of potatoes; a night's lodging, a load of oats; the wife wears five acres of wheat; the children each wear five acres of corn; the price of an overcoat is a good four-year old steer; of a Sunday suit, twenty fat hogs.

## Correspondence.

MONTCLAIR, Feb. 25th, 1873.

MR. EDITOR: The following is one of the articles published in *The Twinkler*, a paper read semi-monthly at the Sociable of the Presbyterian Church in our village. As it is of general interest I solicited a copy for your paper.

DEAR EDITORS OF "THE TWINKLER": It is evident from past issues that your paper is meant to be a radical. We take it for granted that it also means to be just, to publish fairly both sides of a question. Several of your numbers have contained sarcasms, bitter and biting, at the expense of the present style of ladies' dress—emanating of course, from the pen of some lord of creation.

This is all very well, and we ladies can join in the laugh, and enjoy the jokes at our expense, as well as any of you. The high hats of the present day are almost as bad as beaver stove-pipes; the bouffant paniers nearly as ridiculous as swallow-tailed coats; and the complicated neck fixtures—but no, we will not admit that the dainty, fluted ruffles, and graceful ties can possibly rival the standing pointed collar—Byronic, is the technical term, we believe—in which some gentlemen who would resent the title of fops, are now-a-days indulging.

However, we are ready to grant all that you assert of the absurdity and ungracefulness of our costume, only, we beg to ask, why, in the name of consistency, you don't give practical evidence of your admiration of "beauty unadorned." Why is it, (every lady in the room will give testimony on this point,) that a girl may go to a party in a plain dress, that has done duty for several seasons, and may sit in a corner, an unenvied wall flower, for the whole evening? The same girl will go again, arrayed in fashionable extravagance, and will be asked to dance every set, which, I suppose, is the acme of a girl's ambition, so far as parties are concerned.

Let me tell you a story. There was, once upon a time, a lady who was much interested in the matrimonial prospects of a young physician—a promising young fellow of good family, wealth and position. She had heard him often express his contempt of ladies who yielded to the tyrannous sway of fashion, and his admiration of extreme simplicity in dress. Being somewhat of a match-maker, as you shall see, she thought herself of a young lady friend, very lovely in every respect, whose independence in this all-important matter of dress was a cause of consternation to her friends. She invited her for a visit, and at the same time, by way of contrast, a giddy little butterfly of a girl, who bowed, a slavish devotee, at Fashion's shrine. The young physician was asked to spend an evening with them. The girls entered the parlor together, one, be-ruffled and bouffant and panniered, gorged with ribbons and gay with jewelry, her hair tortured into marvellous complication of style. The other, a pretty, attractive girl, was dressed in rich, plain silk, without an inch of trimming on it anywhere. Her hair, nature's own fair allowance, and no more, was gathered in severe simplicity at the back of her head. Here, thought Mrs. Blank, will Horatio at last find his long-sought-for ideal! Horatio did indeed meet his fate that night, and in which one of these girls think you? "Surely," you will say, "in the one whose ideas of dress coincided so perfectly with his own." Not a bit of it! Mrs. Blank heard, in less than two months, of his engagement to the young lady of panniers and ruffles.

All I have to say, oh, lords of creation, is, don't preach to us upon the absurdities of our dress, while you practically pay such court to our furbelows and finery.

## An Appeal.

MR. EDITOR:

Permit me, through your columns, to make a few remarks favorable to the temperance cause, and especially of those who are members of the Sons of Temperance.

Let them bear in mind, that when an army goes into a battle, the officers must lead, but the rank and file, the members who carry the musket and man the artillery, must do the fighting. So in our order, it is very important that we place the right men in the right positions, those who are worthy and will make good leaders. But the members must turn out and do the work. Brothers, then let us all turn out, officers and members, and buckle on the armor, and strive with each other to build up our Division. We have plenty of material to fill our ranks, we have plenty of work for all to do, then let us be up and doing.

The field is now clear for work, our sleighing is about gone, the party season over and the Presidential contest ended. We have two great objects in view: 1st, to reclaim the intemperate; 2d, to do all we can to prevent intemperance. If there is no drinking, there can be no drunkenness. But the people are slow to believe that drinking moderately has anything to do with drunkenness, and therefore they believe total abstinence to be too severe for the disease.

On which ever hand we look, whether to the right or left, we see the destructive in-

fluences of the rum traffic, in the waste of time and money, and in the suffering, misery and crime consequent upon it. We are fast hastening away, and the children of today must soon take our places in the affairs of life. Then, let us commence with the youth and make the next generation, at least, one of sober men and women. We must not neglect the drunkard; we must save him if we can, save him from a life of degradation, and his soul from an everlasting death. Now, Brothers and Sisters, let me again urge upon every one of you the importance of earnest effort and active work in this great cause of temperance, and in building up our noble Order and our Division. There are many ways in which we can work to accomplish the high aim that I have suggested. By bringing in new members, and making our meetings interesting, by addresses, recitations, music, &c., also by holding frequent public meetings, and thereby educating the public mind upon the temperance question. Then, I say again, let us work! and may the Great Patriarch above reward us with an approving conscience for having done our duty.

Yours, Fraternally,

D. B. R.

Charles Sumner.

It is becoming more and more certain, with every day that passes, that you and your fellow editors all over the country must sharpen your pens and prepare your facts for the obituary of Charles Sumner. The great agitator's life work is ended, whether life lingers much longer in his debilitated body or not. He can never take his seat again. He has held on to it, thus far, at the extreme peril to a system that was undermined years ago, on a certain sadly memorable occasion in the Senate chamber, and that has only been in running order for a long time past by the surgeon's constant skill. I talked, yesterday, with a man who had just come from Sumner's house. He said he had seen the saddest spectacle of his life. The senator's cheeks were haggard and sunken, his eyes were bloodshot, his frame feeble, and his spirit broken. It is only by the constant use of morphine and other anodynes that he can obtain any sleep at all. When a man is in that condition his end becomes nothing more than a question of time.

His sickness has much similarity to the last illness of Horace Greeley, and it justifies the conclusion that the disease is more incurable because it is as much mental as it is physical. "If the senator could see the whole nation at his feet to-morrow," said his visitor of whom I just spoke, "he would be well again. But he feels keenly the altered position in which he has been placed by the events of the last few months. He has not strength enough left to retrieve himself. The shadow of the cloud under which he lives is made darker by the resolutions of condemnation which were recently passed by the Massachusetts Legislature. He feels that rebuke more keenly than anything else." He is alone there, save as nurse and servants make company. His home is a very palace of luxury. There is no place like it in Washington, and I don't not, in this country. The house is literally crammed with fine paintings, statues and copies, by the foreign masters, old and new. He has a passion for art. Every corner of every room is crowded with rare curiosities from all the countries on the globe, exquisite pieces of mechanism, and many specimens of classical antiquities. These are the gleanings of his foreign travels, and the testimonials of respect which he has constantly received, in years past, from the foreign ministers resident in this city, in token of their friendly intercourse with the chairman of the committee of foreign relations. During his recent visit to Europe he secured another quality of curiosities and varieties, which are more wonderful than any he owned before, but which I fear he will not live long enough to enjoy.

Mr. Sumner's property, which is supposed to be very large, will probably fall to his wife. They have never been divorced, although it is a number of years since they have lived together. Mrs. Sumner is now living at Nice, and those who have recently seen her say that she still remains one of the most beautiful and attractive of women. Washington has not ceased to gossip about the cause which led to this separation. Opinion has crystallized into that old formula, "incompatibility of temperament." Mr. Sumner did not marry until late in life. Habits were all fixed, and habits so arbitrary, enforced by opinions so haughtily dictatorial, that he could not have failed to see that he made a mistake in marrying at all. He married a woman whom he did not love, who was herself the victim of a case. That proved to be her great misfortune. People say that she still speaks in terms of the highest admiration for the acquirements of Mr. Sumner. Certain it is that the Senator is on the best of terms with his family—old Samuel Hooper, the rich Boston Congressman, was the father of Mrs. Sumner's first husband. Let the nation prepare its habits of mourning for another of its greatest men.—Washington Letter.

The sharpest, so far this month, is the Troy girl, who makes her unsuspecting father the bearer of sweet messages to a clerk in his employer's house. She pins the letter in the old man's cloak, and when he reaches the office and throws off the garment, clerk gets it and responds by the same carrier.

## AT LAST;

OR ESTHER'S TRIALS.

"Well, well! This seems hard, very hard, indeed; but it is heaven's will!" With these words, the little woman folded the letter which she had just read, and laid it upon the mantel-shelf.

Poor Esther! This was the third time, during the last twelve months, that she had bowed to the will of Him "whose ways are not as our ways."

Her father had been prostrated by sun-stroke in the height of the busy season, and died, after three days of unconsciousness, leaving his family involved in pecuniary difficulties.

Her mother, who had been bedridden for a number of years, did not long survive the death of her husband; and Esther felt as if the last link that bound her to earth was broken, when she closed the eyes of the dear, patient sufferer.

With her head bent upon her knees, Esther pondered over the contents of the letter, and her slight form shook with a tremor of deep emotion.

At length she rose; and tying on her bonnet, went out into the orchard, which seemed almost alive with the twittering of birds and the humming of bees among the white blossoms; but it was evident that her heart was not in harmony with her surroundings, for her steps were slow and her eyes down-cast.

Leaving her for a few moments, we will take a peep at the letter on the mantel-shelf. MAIDSTONE, June 1st, 1872.

My Dear Miss Esther:—

I suppose you are aware that, some time before his death, your father borrowed from me a sum of money, giving me as security a mortgage upon his farm. I saw your brother a few days ago, and told him that I was pressed for money, and would be obliged to sell the mortgage if he was unable to redeem it. He told me he was not only unable but unwilling to comply with my request; and certain circumstances over which I had no control have compelled me to dispose